

Two Dollars A Year

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER

1915



STARTING—

“The Frost Girl”—A Splendid New Serial

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA



Whatever condition is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed!

Your skin is changing every day!

You can make the new skin what you would love to have it

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day, an old skin dies, new forms in its place. Fair is your opportunity. By using the following treatment regularly you can keep this new skin so active that it will gradually, but surely, take on the greater cleanness, freshness and bloom you want it to have.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always rub in upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Every day this treatment from your skin of the dry, old dead particles. Then, it cleanses

the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibers. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and realize it. But this will never make you skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment personally and before long your skin will begin to take on that greater bloom which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A tin of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Tear out the directions of the cake before and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist. You will find it for sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write to day to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Soap enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 25c, the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and sample of Woodbury's Cream and Powder. Write today! Address: The American Perfumery Co., Ltd., 438 Broadway St., Perth, Ontario.



See that the directions on the tin are followed. A druggist will get Woodbury's for you.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1915

Number 1

The Freedom of the Seas

By AGNES C. LAUT



EDITOR'S NOTE—There are already indications that the coming campaign referred to by Mr. La Follette in order to keep in the United States in many publications, some of them friendly to the Allied cause, arguments are appearing that centre on a vital strategic idea, "The Freedom of the Seas." On the surface it is a movement of non-commercial origin. But read what is behind it. This article does not attempt to answer the arguments of those behind the campaign; it merely chronicles their activities.

There now is fronted with the greatest danger that could menace British relations with the United States.

First of all, Congress will meet in mid-October. That's the fact. First, I suppose no Canadian politician will breathe over that fact.

Second, the Treaty friends, of whom there are many in Canada in the United States, are preparing to tell so Congress to prohibit the people of this country: (1) financing the Allies; (2) shipping munitions to Europe. "Enough," you say. "It's that old! They tried that last season, and it didn't go. The Germans and the manufacturers both smashed the State Department and got full permission before setting. It has been established in a hundred contests since 1789 that the private individuals and corporations of a neutral nation can make what contracts they like with belligerents. The Krupp Works of Germany gave munitions to Austria to help her in the Russo-Japanese War, in the Russo-Japanese War, in the Russo-Japanese War." To seal down and check the argument you add—"Hill, Germany, herself as late as July of 1915 was helping German from American manufacturers."

But that is just where you mean the point. The campaign planned is not to stop munitions because they are munitions. It is not to stop financing because dollars have become more vital than bullets. It is to stop munitions and financing in order



to force the Allies to lift the blockade. On the pretence of the enemy the blockade in making American munitions, German sympathizers will ask Congress to prohibit the shipment of munitions to the Allies. Now do you see the dangerous place you are at? The blockade is to be used as a kind of stop-motion gun to the Allies.

Key the players—I shall call them players, for they have as much right to their names as I have to mine—"Germany's submarine campaign is not saving England. It is only helping Uncle Sam's commerce. England's blockade is not stopping Germany. But it is helping Uncle Sam's trade. Granted Germany buys munitions from Uncle Sam, one, who she can get them. All the counter to being kept private sharply in hand! Forbid the shipment of all munitions to all parties, all munitions and blockade stop."

You don't need to have predicted from the kindergarten school of diplomacy to realize that if that were done, the Allies would be harder hit than Germany, for



Great-Grandmamma's Portrait

By L. M. Montgomery

Illustrated by Mary F. Hawley

On the pictured walls of the octagon room,
Gleam in its lavender-covered gloom,
Great-grandmamma's portrait hangs in day
Painted in years of the far away.
Gleefully watching beneath her gaze
Mary a bonny lad and lass.

Long, prim ringlets of nut-brown hair,
Shavilleen denuded and white and fair
Hazel eyes with their lashes long
Mouth that was shaped for the
words of song
Check of bloom and brow
Of snow
This was a maiden of
long ago.

Great-grandmamma, proudly gazed down
And over her face stole a wistful frown.
Strange is the world, on which to-day
Great-grandmamma looks from far away;
And her lovely, careful eyes can see
That nothing is the same as it used to be.

Masters were thinking and they of yore
But old-time manners are now no more
Boddy they flout in these mad, new days
Who ever heard of such shames and ways?
Great-grandmamma frowns and whispers low
"Not like the girls of long ago."

Into the hush of the octagon room,
Saw two faces through its perfumed gloom,
Tall and handsome and manly in
Fair and dainty and graceful in
With the hazel eyes and the nut-brown hair
Of the study lady who watches there.

Beneath the portrait, the lovers stand,
Close as he loves to hold her hand,
A murmured question a whispered yes,
And then the joy of a fond caress!
Can it be that the woeer has kissed her prone
Under great-grandmamma's very eyes?

But great-grandmamma's face his best as frowns
And very angrily looks she down,
On the lad and lass who here in-day
Are making love in the sweet old way.
Great-grandmamma smiles and whispers low:
"Just like the girls of long ago."



One Thousand Per Cent—Net!

VERY subtly had
Fradley led up to
his real reason for
the interview. A sharp
glance at the other's
dishevelled face warned him that he had
succeeded in generating the propensities
with necessary delicacy and he permitted
himself a little smile of satisfaction. If
he had come to the conclusion before that
he knew his man, now he was sure of it.

McLennan smiled slyly at the blue
smoke from the end of his pipe.
The wretched it drew into the draft of the
open window, and it stayed near the
edge of the sill and as far as possible in
the wind outside. The room as it
be he listening still to the confusion
of the station agent's clock ticking
strongly in this respect, as he told that it
spelled his goose was half frightened
him. He was not accustomed to being
warned as such a big scale as these
Westerners everywhere he stepped it out
be shifted uncomfortably in his chair,
his thick-soled boots scraping harshly on
the grid of the floor.

From the upper window of the early-
look station, where the company's local
agent took his private carriages, Spence
Cassingham presented the full approval of
the usual rough grade pump. A hat of rough
material, each pulled by three levers, was
winking out slowly, showing the river
McLennan's shaggy head. Heated ahead
of them, past the big window, past the
white train beyond on the valley trail he
where, in the distance, the bridge spans
the wide river. The air was cold and a
strong breeze from the valley to his
nose, as he drew out almost breathless
ly by the noise of horses and saw
clearly at last.

"Well, Mac!"
McLennan started though the other
had spoken quietly.
"Well!" repeated Fradley with a touch
of impatience. "You heard what I said.
Of course you don't have to follow my
advice if you don't like. But, please, you
per cent had reason to expect that you have
you."

"Yes, I appreciate—"
"Well, then, I've shown you how we
can make a big clean-up. It's up to you,
Mac."

"Well—there's the money coming down,
Mac!"
"Up to you, that and of it. If this
thing's too big for you to handle all you
have to do is say no and I'll look after
another partner in the deal. I know
half a dozen big men in Winnipeg who
have the capital and will handle all your
business in get us on the way of making
my confidence as I have you. The
reason I'm offering you this chance is
because you're here on the ground and
can personally handle the business, also
you and I have already found out that we
can trust each other and I want you to
make I can trust myself. Fradley, I
don't fancy taking in a bunch of pho-
tographs with more money now than is paid
for them. I'd rather have you."

McLennan looked at his head delicately.
"Twenty thousand is an awful lot of
money, Fradley!"
"If you haven't got it, it is," agreed the
station agent. "You have it, don't you?
Depends on the proposition."

"Why, say old Dubois must be easy
to ask a price like that for his land? It's
more money than a few farmers like
him ever heard of." There isn't a home-
stead in the whole district country worth
anything, isn't it?"
"It's only to be seen you're new to this
business, old man." Fradley smiled toler-
antly. "You haven't been. Well, just
enough to get the right perspective, that's
all. There's hundreds of homesteads
set in this country, have welcomed you
in the morning to find a new pasture
land, and then the next day you find
a new town here and on that very
property. That's why his happening here
and then in the next day you find
the only place of land the Company has
set for their ranchmen on a stage. The
old settler's eye enough to see it. It's
a fact of his land, a thing you can
look you down with pride. I wouldn't
get him to sleep off a nickel and you let
him."

Then, suddenly, as Fradley
said, "Twenty thousand is nothing—
that's the fact. Question is, can you raise it?"
McLennan looked at a transit man in
the distance, then, straight up, as the
station agent with his instrument.
"Suppose I could—not suppose I
could," he began cautiously, "what if you
say your check would be?"
"I said it would be fifty-thousand!"
"That's what I said!"
"That's what I said!" Fradley shortly
said, "You've got to raise it, Mac!"

"On no, would you?" Fradley's tone
was heavy with irony. "How much do
you get in it?—Not a cent! How much risk
do you take in it?—Not a cent! You get
per cent—half the profit! When you
take me for Fradley? Do I look like a
rascal or what?"

"The money you credit for more than
three times that!" frowned the agent. "You're
forgetting that without my help there's
no deal at all. My share of it is to be
that the company pay us the share we
own properly and that's the only way
there's anything in it for either of us
as you get that. For the week we
don't? Or don't you think I've got full
control to work it?"
"Oh, I can't agree that!" said McLen-
nan, smiling down at his watch.
"Well, then, for the loss of time let's
go down to brass tacks! How much have
you got?"
"McLennan hesitated.
"How much?" repeated Fradley heavily.
"Then, I should see the benefit of it
I had to do it, really. Fradley, I
honestly, 'Mac, I said.'"
The agent slowly took the money from
his eye with his middle finger. It was
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better than he had antici-
pated. He got up and
walked to the window,
where he stood looking
out until he was sure he
was alone. Presently he turned and held
out his hand.

"The devil as they say. Mac. We'll put her
there." "I'll be right with you." "I'll be
right with you." "I'll be right with you."
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there." "I'll be right with you." "I'll be
right with you." "I'll be right with you."

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right with you." "I'll be right with you."

little sailing, skirted by the railroad's right-of-way. Land ground open which to build a town was more or less implied and the early owners had already tapped off a small fortune into it with a town, to be called Franco. Right next to the "heart of the business district" was the small remaining parcel of real-estate that was left for the company executives—the Dakota homestead. Before the railroad came there had been no such place as Spruce Crossing, no coffee, and later there had been much to be gained, about a thousand for a dollar. So, they would be selling for a thousand dollars a lot!

And why not? Comparatively fresh from the East though he was, even he, McLennan, knew of several proven towns in the rapidly rising West. Indeed, on the ship over night, where a more rumor from refined circles was enough to sell off the place in a rush of speculators whose riches were filled with dreams of several Chicago, second Opulences, and their days with bourgeois talk. And always it was the railroad that did it. So, they met at Spruce Crossing. Friday night it was a crush. Some thought why not?

It was true that the "town" so far was nothing but a railroad camp at the head of the track, populated by the people engaged in building the road, and those who followed them about with the sole object of making money. But everything had to have a beginning. The growing pains long ago had overtaken their farms and ranches across the river and were several miles from Spruce Crossing by this time, as soon as the bridge project had completed its work the town would proceed. Whether the town was dragged up by the rails and carried along with the rails depended upon the railroad company. If the company was fit to select Spruce Crossing as a division point, the town would be as a railroad station. That was the criterion in its selection.

McLennan did not realize Friday he felt him that there was no farming community to support the place, it was quite apparent that it was founded solely by money with the no real farming land ten miles away at "The Junction," where the river met the old Federal Trail that wound through the fertile country into the mountains. Within thirty days after the first train stopped at Spruce Crossing every lot of the company's land had been covered with structures and the side tracks with cars, within thirty days after the track-laying machines crossed the border there would be little left but the skeletons—unless the company.

McLennan added to himself as he turned before into his pipe. That was where the tip Friday he had given him came in. The engineer demanded the loan from a division point and the company had needed Spruce Crossing as the spot. That was the tip. So Spruce's hotel was not such a fool start as some people thought; the first buyers must have been drawn from the first. And he had to say, he himself started Mayor for nothing either. Not him! The town would sink; whom would meet in a night; the crowd would rush in to lay their money on a sure thing

and there would be dreams of a second Dakota City and business optimism—a hangover from! And that was where McLennan would come in!

Oh, yes, indeed. He decided as he began to update the paper with figures that would indicate just where he would stand in this matter. There were 100 acres in the Dakota homestead, which would subdivide into thirty-two blocks with a total of 484 lots, measuring 20 x 120 ft. To-day, located the most fertile. Of these Friday said the railroad people would need about a hundred for their workshops, warehouses, yards, etc., and leave the balance vacant. They would cut that product corporation as close as a thousand dollars each as the company would stand for, that was exactly how Friday had put it and he had been very positive about it.

McLennan's throat grew dry as he stared at the totals. That alone would be \$100,000. And the rest of the project, said at five or five hundred dollars a lot, a complete enough price. Friday said—would bring in a couple more hundred thousand, or a great deal of about \$200,000. Even giving Dakota his holding perfect price for the property and subtracting the government subdivision loan, company's first and money other items, they would be able to rely on a net income of say \$200,000. If he could only keep Friday from his twenty-five per cent share McLennan found that it would add to the \$200,000. And that was exactly one thousand per cent on his investment.

One thousand per cent, not! He kicked aside his chair and began pacing up and down restlessly. He rubbed his palms briskly together as the scheme unfolded in his mind. Two hundred thousand dollars in one crack! And was there that much money in the world? Was there like this ever put across—could put across? Or had he made some mistake?

Back to the table he jumped to make sure. But there was no error in the figures. If the agent's price estimate were right, he, McLennan, would practically own the town!

Restlessly he began again to pace back and forth, back and forth. Could he raise the money? He had a little over eight thousand on the bank at Edmonton and some property there that could be sold at a sacrifice for two or three more. Besides that he had three thousand tied up in a deal at Winnipeg—now Friday had just lately promised him to go on. At all told, that was only thirteen thousand and he would require twenty—no!

There was the home down East, of course, but he had always reckoned that as belonging to Minnie. A man could not consider it as his, while he had had made a new home here and there. The Western case that, some what right, the old home would remain in his wife's possession, it would be necessary to go back to Grand Haven and he would be nearer in his mind, knowing that his wife would patiently waiting there for him to get over his "concerns." As the clock re—that

his wife was being comfortably among the old friends surrounding.

In spite of the golden opportunity which he saw just within his grasp, the agent of the investment it seemed as if McLennan hesitated to break that vow he had made to himself when he could finance the deficit in no other way. Of course if he could not—well, he'd be fifty, eleven kinds of a fool to let his hands be turned out of his pocket for the lack of nerve! He noted his conscience, however, by pressing forward that he would take the step only after being thoroughly satisfied that he had a sure thing.

As he stood near the window, gazing at the station, his attention was suddenly diverted to a last figure floating by on the far side of the narrow track. McLennan swept his papers onto the table drawer, unlocked the door and shouted. When the messenger turned, McLennan beckoned him across.

"Hello, Dakota! You're the very man I want to see. Come on in a minute. I've got a paper for you."

The messenger was in a hurry, though he did not look it. He was a busy man these days, shoveling lumber while the train and left him time to make arrangements of the construction work. Dakota? That was not! Just now he had been out two times by his boss with a message and he must go back "quick."

Still, a note was a sign. In less than five minutes McLennan was satisfied that he had not misunderstood the message. Apparently the man did not care whether he lost his place or not, he had his "business" had lived there for a long time and they would leave on living there and raising their family, quite contented with their stock-raiding home and its wholesome and well-run life. He knew they had five pigs, two milk cows, twenty hogs, a pair of oxen—and as several men lived and came to them to sell machinery and tools.

"But listen, Dakota, I am the man who puts up the money for Mr. Friday here, you know. You're going to ask me much for it, it isn't worth it and more will be. Now suppose I refuse to give the money?"

The messenger shook his head as he walked.

"Mind me no more. No no understand."

—Master Friday he have paper—no put much on. He now not Dakota!

"Oh, that's just the option he made you see. That don't mean he's bought the homestead. Suppose he don't buy, what then?"

"No exception! What matter? He will spend money, you place he stay around!" Oh, yes, money!

"Do, he do? Spritt, ah! He's been after it, ah! Well now, look here, Dakota, you tell Friday. Say! Tell Spritt understand!" But to Friday care. If you don't—" and McLennan abruptly drew his foot on the table, glared forward, "Well have you arranged? Here's another paper. Now, get out!"

A moment later McLennan was hurrying back to the station.



When the Projector Shook McLennan beckoned him across. "Hello, Dakota! You're the very man I want to see. Come on in a minute. I've got a paper for you!"

The Confessions of

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

to the men-
the large, was
might have
into his rela-
an oblation of
democratic pri-
cates to him,
pomp is in-
be delighted
— was exclaim-
honest crying
if in his gar-
riffs.

He: "You're working with the
C.R.?"
"The people aren't you?"
"The working in my interests," I
replied.

THERE was no more trouble of that
sort with Adam. He returned ap-
parently to the management of his affairs.
Robert Jones was left in peace, as far as
I was concerned. Adam tried, eventually,
to take away what other made ad-
vise with him outside of the robot from the
Orbit. That failed and he organized a
number of small independent wholesalers
who had sprung up in the meantime, into
a second Guild, thinking he could by ac-
cordingly undermine the original one.
But by keeping up the standard
of our goods and allowing our prices from
time to time so as to meet him—a thing
we were better able to do than he was—
we forced the rival Guild to take stand
place. Meanwhile Adam had told what
there had been covered in the original Guild to
a friend, public representative from whom,
later I bought them.

I recall now what happened the summer
I was appointed by the Press Syndicate
of the British Electric Railway to take
over the road and protect their interest.
This was the road Sir Robert Jones had
been managing. For two years he
had kept the road state of affairs from
getting to the knowledge of the majority
shareholders in the shareholders list in
the spring of the year to which I had
been called. Had quite recently visited
on attending the shareholders' meeting
himself instead of turning over his
position to his son, the son of Adam.
He was paying dividends and interest on
the bonds out of capital. Jones was cited
from possession only by the most transi-
ent kind of evidence, and I, at the re-
quest of old George Henry—who had
some mysterious connection even with the
boardings at the defunct electric rail-
way, was appointed in my place and
straightened out the tangle. This gave me
a very busy year, what with the Guild,
the son of Adam, and the son of Adam.
I had returned with I had taken in hand,
looked by himself, and I had to
manage important the representation of
the shareholders of the Electric Rail-
way and a more important proposal to make
and I had just not out to accomplish this
mission when September came.

IT was one of those kind September
that seems to arrive with much the
same manner that a sudden period
makes an end to the day of the
chessman play. It comes blustering and
driving out of the north and prevented
me in the least from all the generous
signs of success. Some Septembers have
a gentle kind. Some Septembers have
a companionable. The first fall winds are
sudden badly and the gradually conse-

Sir Horace Lazenby

CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT

slight of fresh changes the trees slowly and
deliberately so that autumn is prolonged,
a stormy passage, a riot of sound and
color like a medieval festival. The
September had no business in time. In a
week the air was chilly. The wind rose
suddenly in the evening of the house on
Jervis street. Three more days of cold
rain that looked the windows bitterly and
set in early face of me returned abroad.
When the last of the thirty days had
passed the trees were dead, the sky was
grey, the air shrivelled. And with the
leaves had gone too and the mother of
the sea.

If Adam had known it he could have
had his revenge very easily in those days.
He could have ruled right and left in my
own widespread interests. I should have
fought nothing. For from the absorbing
game of business I was added to the
other order in which it is to be found
only self democracy. To lose one ship
going away like a falling light was
enough. To lose both was nothing.

George old George Henry? He not me
day in Toronto—though he possible
to the day in saying he did not come
properly—and tried all his wiles, and they
were many, to bring me back to the old
order of business intimacy. Finding that
he suddenly realized that he was losing the
"old business" he, he confessed, and
wanted me to see him about his new
which was then lying at the week end of
the Union Hotel platform. He looked the
bar his fatigue and seemed utterly re-
solved. He insisted that I receive him
and even when it was night time—he
had two interesting maps in his an-
tegment at me and of the sea was
not content. He did it, he said. So I
went to sleep on board that night and I
recall how the spare staircase. Since
then we no reason why I should go
home, I returned.

ONCE in the night I heard footsteps
walking at the side of me and
looking out under the doors behind me
suddenly, the yellow rays of sunrise's
light. One of these was turned up
with what I thought was the door
and movement, and one our bag-
gage. The remaining lamp had been a
be in an effort that had been quite
sought on in the night. At first I thought
we were merely being asked from our
work in relation of us to make the lar-
val evidence to make use of our track,
but the nature of the train continued for
a completely long time.

It was in the night George Henry's door
I was looking. George Henry looked
the rear platform. The door there also
was locked. But behind me I could see
the left of the switch house and compen-
sation of the city road, dividing into the dark-
ness. We were passing that now. We were
passing the King street station—I knew
by the rear platform. From the
formed end of the sea I could not see
the blind end of a baggage car riding

suddenly ahead of us and apparently
the only car between us and the engine.
This door also was locked. George old
slight. I saw back to my room and fel-
lipped his example.

In the morning, George, with rapid
tactical into his vehicle—an observation of
democratic principles at which, partly in
reply, he laughed—was addressing him-
self entirely to his partner.

"Good-bye, George," I said. "What's
the meaning of this? Why anywhere
the other side of North Bay? What's the
idea?"

"What's
the idea?"
he growled.
"What right
you got to
take it me
that way?"
I was a
down his
porridge-
spoon and
wiped his
mouth as
usually.

"What right
you got to
speak to me
in that abor-
tional way?"
I said. "I
told you
properly."

"My good
Lord!" — I
was perched.
"Right! You
got to speak to
me in that abor-
tional way!"
I said. "I
told you
properly."

It was not for the first time, but there was much more to be said
which was left in the morning. George old George Henry was a
man who had a right to a political and a personal.

While was some call's right and beam
for you. Don't keep him waiting."

While, the man Lazenby, white and
smiling, remained the work of the car
and under my attention. It was much
lighter and the air of the north
side of Lake Superior made me happy.
"All right," I capitulated. "I'm on."

George showed his porridge plate side
and checked.

"Know it last night," he smiled and
checked. "Don't see the porridge that
I told you."

THERE was no order in that trip, no
schedule, no prearrangement. Ward
had gone ahead that Henry—he was an
unconventional—was an old way. Ward
and to be ready for him. That was all. While
now to the relationship of the car at regu-
lar intervals. We took enough. Finally
got about at Winnipeg the day after and
word to know what my Mr. Henry
wanted his case said "Don't care," re-
plied George, writing the message on the

REVENGE in the emptiness of all
the pawns.

Adam, having in the first place
been a traitor to the wholesalers when
we first tried to get together so as to elimi-
nate competition in price, having then
made the Wholesalers' Guild a means of
holding prices up and having placed me
in the minority by turning out the other
members of the board into city—now paid
the price. The orders which he had taken
away from our business made it easier to
give them to his own, were now mine
again. He was in the minority since I
had bought the treasury stock of the com-
pany. As Henry had prophesied and as
I had supposed, Adam took steps to have
the nature of the Wholesalers' Guild
made public. He would show up the true
relationship between the John Gray Com-
pany of Montreal and the Golden Star
Company of Toronto. He would show
how prices had been raised and held up by
the "discussing trust" as he now pro-
ceeded to call it.

But I made an end of that Adam. He
had finished reading me chosen letters
through the mail. I sent him a note
inviting him to discuss matters at length.
I informed that there were important
matters to be discussed. He came—
as he had to, of course. He studied to be
ready.

There was scarcely a pretence at small

talk between us at the table and when the
waiter had finally left as Adam was about
to get down to stairs.

"What did you ask me here for?" he
demanded.

"To tell you," I said, "that I don't pro-
pose to let you go about sharing me in
the minority by turning out the other
members of the board into city—now paid
the price. The orders which he had taken
away from our business made it easier to
give them to his own, were now mine
again. He was in the minority since I
had bought the treasury stock of the com-
pany. As Henry had prophesied and as
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relationship between the John Gray Com-
pany of Montreal and the Golden Star
Company of Toronto. He would show
how prices had been raised and held up by
the "discussing trust" as he now pro-
ceeded to call it.

"There is to be a meeting of the share-
holders of the Hamilton Electric Railway
next week."

"Well, now that you've told me that—
what about it?"

"There is to be a meeting of the share-
holders of the Hamilton Electric Railway
next week."

"What do I want about that?"

"The Robert Jones will preside at that
meeting. He hopes to hold the position of
a certain religious order—the Upper
guild shareholders. He wishes you not to
person the exact way through to person
will appear to the Wholesalers' Guild."

"The David? What are you talking
about?"

"He presides over held through Personal
the Quebec society. Ask him if he wishes
to come in case in person to the meeting
—and to ask questions." I stood up.
"That is all I had to say," I said.
Adam still remained seated. He was
thinking.

"What has all this got to do with me?"
he growled, obviously playing for time.
"Ask Sir Robert," I said.



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she had one part of the novel a veritable little spark for herself.

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out for the best, which was located about two miles away. The discovery was made in a very late which lay just in the eastern side of the river. The discovery was made in a very late which lay just in the eastern side of the river.

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H. B. MELANSON,
General Passenger Agent,
Canadian Government Railways,
MONCTON, N.B.

This letter is the property of Dr. Daughtry, and was obtained through the kindly offices of Karl Grop. It was written in 1850, and refers to the Battle of Chancellorsville—'Giddy'—and our present King.

THE history is by no means the least fascinating part of the Archives. Here large, weighty manuscripts, and old and new, are well laid out in various-colored paper, cloth and leather; here may also find small but precious booklets, containing sheets of gold leaf. In a room adjoining is the photo-album, which can copy a page in fifteen seconds, and which is put to many uses. For example, a very valuable original document is sent out from England. The document must be returned but a copy is required for the Archives. Pages for years have been copied by the photo-album which it is trimmed and bound. Or, this page of books are photographed after which they are sent to the printing office for setting type. This saves much labor and possible errors in copying the pages by hand.

"THE visitation of the Archives" is a pleasure which might well form the title for another article. Briefly, it is not only a repository for the history of our country, but it is an information bureau to which students and scholars are encouraged to come. Unlike other Archives, it provides every opportunity for historical research; it differs from the Public Record Office in London, but we may, in that it provides all the data possible for the use of the reader after information. In the Public Record Office or Archives in various continental cities, we may go and ask for a service document and get that out, but with us, one can have access to all the material bearing on the subject to be studied.

It is open to the public daily except Sundays, and material is available to any student. Indeed, to encourage the study of our history, the Dominion Government has established scholarships to the value of \$50 a month for students who should spend part of the summer vacation in studying historical studies at the Archives. Every summer finds several thus equipped.

Students of such and every department find this contribution of Public Records a most important asset in the old method of having them scattered throughout the city, and it is an advantage to have an official to send a messenger to the Archives for a certain book of which he stands in need. The practice of having books to pass out of the language of the libraries is, naturally, only present in a purchased form.

In 1925 a change of administration took place and an Act was passed whereby the Archives came under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of State. The Archives has the rank and salary of a deputy head, as the Archives is particularly a Department.

ANGELIQUE

Continued from Page 38

she hesitated to mention him. "I'm not that you do know about it at all."

"And now, I suggest, my little cousin, you will see all the other things—Gaspere, and forget all about the backwoods and all of us to go home."

"Do all I leave my little cousin?" "Certainly. You are quite rich now, you know." "Gaspere, money is really. He stated the house she would not speak like that."

"But—last—the money—then are yours?"

"No. Yours, of course."

"But I do not want."

"Yes, you do."

"I do not. Oh I do not." There was the tremble of tears in her eyes. "I cannot say more."

"Well, hang it all, never mind," she said. "Buy what you like."

"What you? Oh! but you?"

"Yes, you must do that. Don't be so silly please," he said, waving his hand and almost speaking his own mind.

"Then it is that you do not wish to do it? Oh, I was so sure. You are not going to marry me? Then it is that I do not wish to do it? You must, you must."

For the space of twenty heart-beats Gaspere looked with Gaspere's eyes into the shaded low path of her eyes. Then—

"I surrender, my little Angelique," he said, stooping, kissed the mark, and left.

The Last Ally

Continued from Page 32

marks of warfare. No longer ride in the chariot with more colorful driving and considerable determination than the man whose heart is clad with a tragedy of love, Gaspere would undoubtedly prove a formidable fighting man.

That day at last he had seen Phil Crane all with the military. The military Gaspere had some knowledge of and perhaps would easily find his part with the very first between the handkerchief for the front. Accordingly, being a most anxious fellow as his perhaps already was, determined, Gaspere had shortly informed Anne of his intention of marrying her before leaving and had then dashed for all to a dwell, the little house, truth to tell, being quite so well laid, under a position of advantage, as himself. Fresh had witnessed the ceremony. He had again expressed upon these lines the courtesy he showed to the owner of which had happened at the time of the day and then had ridden back to the camp, which had been established outside Gaspere, with a courier. "So long, Phil. See you at the front."

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HARRY C. EDWARDS

IN THIS ISSUE

Turn to page 10 and read a stirring tale of

THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

and upon the playing of the actual picture of the film, that draws us generously participated during the progress of the Calgary Stampede. Both are now associated in the past development work that is being carried on by Canada's premier transcontinental railway.

J. S. Dennis, the younger of the two men, is a well, 46-year-old Westerner. Though he was not born on the prairie, he has spent in many years most of the Great Lakes that he has come to consider himself almost in the light of a native. Five seasons of Alberta or Saskatchewan are as valuable to him as their personal recollections of the early days. Their still are no longer as varied experiences of prairie conditions. He is now approaching the thirtieth year but, as he was only a lad of sixteen when he first went on the prairie, it follows that his association with Western life has extended back nearly forty-four years.

Unlike the great majority of the railway magnates of the day, the head of the C.P.R.'s Department of Natural Resources did not rise from the ranks in the sense of having started out as a common peasant. His father, John Stoughton Dennis, who could attach the letters U.M.G. to his name before he died, which in the next best thing to wealth, and an indication that he had made some title in the world. The older Dennis was by profession a land surveyor and when his son was born, he was living in the village of Wrentham near Toronto. A few years later he secured the appointment of Surveyor-General of Western Canada and removed himself, his instruments and his family to the capital. Eventually he became Deputy Minister of the Interior, and a person of considerable importance in the civil service.

It is interesting at this point to mention that, when Mr. Dennis, Sr., went to the West in 1849 to lay the foundations for the survey of Western lands, he was received with much hostility by the Indians and half-breeds, who believed that he had come west to take away their lands. This feeling, thus engendered grew stronger and stronger and was the direct cause of the first trouble with the half-breeds. In a corner therefore the older Dennis was the man who precipitated the Red River rebellion and in consequence a figure of some historical interest.

As a result of his father's influence, J. S. Dennis, Jr., enjoyed advantages, which would have been denied to one of humble birth. In many cases, such advantages would have proved a serious handicap. Not so, in the instance. The younger Dennis made the best of the favorable conditions in which he was placed and, what is better, never allowed them. During all the time that he was in the Government service, working as he did in the department of which his father was virtually the head, he was never known to prey upon the resources in favor of himself but to devote special forces to other necessities.

During the summer of his twentieth year at his own current education, the boy was attached to a Government survey party detailed for duty at Manitoba. From then until 1870 when he joined the service of the Hudson Bay Company,

every summer season law was engaged in these surveys on the prairie. The winters he spent back East, acquiring from his father the technical knowledge necessary to qualify him for a vocation as a Dominion land surveyor. He is said to have been an apt pupil, for it was not long before he himself was placed in charge of a survey party of his own.

His work with the great company was in connection with the expansion of the land department, a project which the late Lord Dufferin, then Donald A. Smith, personally promoted. The association was not of long duration, for in the early thirties the future cabinet minister, as the survey of the company to place himself into the retirement of the famous Winnipeg boom. To this episode in his career he often refers with great humorous feelings. The salary of the home-sought man as it did many others, but there was no serious remuneration. He took his machine heavy and went back to work. But if anyone nowadays makes complaints in his hearing about hard times in the West, he will realize with a sort of scorn or an irony, that this person hasn't the slightest idea of what hard times really are.

The North-West rebellion broke out some after and the former surveyor volunteered for some duty. It was a service for which he was admirably fitted because of his extensive acquaintance with the country where the trouble was occurring. He headed a corps of men with the rank of major and did efficient work as recruiting and conveying information to the military authorities.

The result of the rebellion might and obtained employment once again in the Dominion Survey Branch. He was to be chief inspector of surveys in the territories. He added to his repertoire of accomplishments, a knowledge of irrigation, and eventually became a supervisor of irrigation development. He was appointed by the Territorial Government to exercise the direct control of their public works as deputy commissioner and first under the Hon. Mr. Ross Louis Brewster (and) then under the Hon. A. L. Fielding, the first premier of the Northwest Territories. He carried on important bridge and road-building projects and gave special attention to the problem of obtaining a water supply for certain dry sections of the prairie.

In 1902 the Deputy Commissioner of Public Works retired in order to accept a more lucrative position. He was now to be superintendent of irrigation and land commissioner for the C.P.R. The way that Dennis came about in other situations, however, was in a sense which had been common steadily into more and more prominence and J. S. Dennis was one of the men who had taken an active personal interest in his promotion. The 1915 was his prairie-day colleague, William Pearce of Calgary. While there had been two or three American irrigation systems in existence for a good many years, it was not until about 1870 that Pearce began to preach irrigation as a larger scale. He was successful in getting Mr. Dennis, who made a careful study of the subject.

At the time, irrigation was not in favor either with the power at Ottawa or with the railway officials, the means advanced

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being that if it became known to the public that C.P.R. beds were not going to be as effective without efficient ventilation, it would "lower" the stock and hamper the sale of the property. In consequence, the ventilator arrangements were not to be altered. They continued their campaign and at last last 1934, the faces of their ventilators began to heat itself. An investigation Act was passed in the House of Commons and J. S. Dennis was appointed supervisor of irrigation.

In this position Mr. Dennis surveyed the loss of the present C.P.R. system, the C.P.R. system and the Southern Alberta Land Company's system. He also visited all the irrigated lands in the United States with a view to procuring practical information to be used in a revision of the Dominion Irrigation Act. This interest in and endorsement for any project continued while he was Deputy Commissioner of Public Works. He lost no opportunity to promote the cause and did all in his power to bring before the Government its importance.

In 1932 the C.P.R. took over as part of its line of duty the land of Calgary to be served by the Bow River Canal, an undertaking that it would continue the development work. Mr. Dennis, as a Government official, had already been required to report on the justifiability of the scheme. He had given a favorable opinion. When he was asked to carry on the project? The railway management thought there was no one more highly qualified, and so the deputy commissioner was brought from Regina to Calgary to try his hand at the undertaking.

There were many doubts as to the success of the scheme. J. S. Dennis was determined to carry out his scheme as planned. Yet he announced confidently that he believed the dry world some when the irrigated portion west of Calgary would be the most intensively cultivated and populated part of all Western Canada. Only time will tell whether the bold prophecy will be fulfilled, though the confidence that it is made likely to be. If it is not, it will not be because his prediction has not shown him it, his very best effort.

From being simply representative of irrigation in charge of the Bow River project, Mr. Dennis now first is to be considered as the most representative with control of all the country's irrigation interests, and then assistant to the president and head of the new department of water resources, having supervised all at the times, interest and power resources of the country.

It was largely as a result of dissatisfaction created among settlers who had purchased C.P.R. irrigated lands through speculators and had found them not up to specifications, that it was decided to not give settlers from middlemen. In future there would be direct responsibility on the part of the company. The drainage scheme for which the Bow River project, has been extremely successful. Settlers now buy direct and have the benefit of advice in every way. There is no longer the same volume of complaint, except from certain districts situated below the valley was adopted, where applications continue to harp on the old story.

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Here are a few of the things 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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The First Year at Panama

Opening of Canal Confronts Uncle Sam With New Problems

THE opening of the Panama Canal has brought the United States face to face with new maritime problems in a situation not envisaged by William D. Harris in the *American Review of Reviews* in the review of an article on "The First Year at Panama." He says:

A year of the Panama Canal has now passed. In January, 1914, the canal opened to traffic. On August 15, 1914, when the first *Albatross*, a Panama Mail Line ship, sailed from Colon to New York, it had become a notable part in the development of the waterway, and through the canal it had sailed to New York. The first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

All told, the canal's opening, on which took the first of vessels transiting the Panama Canal for the first time, on Friday July 21, 1914, was a historic event, and it was the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

It is a year ago that the Panama Canal was opened to traffic. On August 15, 1914, when the first *Albatross*, a Panama Mail Line ship, sailed from Colon to New York, it had become a notable part in the development of the waterway, and through the canal it had sailed to New York. The first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

Civilization and civilization have made a large part of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York. It is a year ago that the Panama Canal was opened to traffic. On August 15, 1914, when the first *Albatross*, a Panama Mail Line ship, sailed from Colon to New York, it had become a notable part in the development of the waterway, and through the canal it had sailed to New York.

When Professor Henry E. Johnson, of the University of Tennessee, the recognized authority on canal traffic, and fully admitted his estimate of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

There is no doubt that the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York. It is a year ago that the Panama Canal was opened to traffic. On August 15, 1914, when the first *Albatross*, a Panama Mail Line ship, sailed from Colon to New York, it had become a notable part in the development of the waterway, and through the canal it had sailed to New York.

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In August a year ago and the months since, the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York. It is a year ago that the Panama Canal was opened to traffic. On August 15, 1914, when the first *Albatross*, a Panama Mail Line ship, sailed from Colon to New York, it had become a notable part in the development of the waterway, and through the canal it had sailed to New York.

This month's canal traffic was an all-time high, and the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York. It is a year ago that the Panama Canal was opened to traffic. On August 15, 1914, when the first *Albatross*, a Panama Mail Line ship, sailed from Colon to New York, it had become a notable part in the development of the waterway, and through the canal it had sailed to New York.

The Panama Canal has opened direct to the revolution of every merchant who has built a transoceanic ship in the last three or four years. The canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

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But specifically there is not an American ship sailing about open through the Canal and out upon the Pacific to South America, Australia, or the Orient. Only one vessel, the *Albatross*, a small tugboat, has sailed from the Canal to the Pacific in the last year.

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American ships engaged in Oriental commerce through the Panama Canal would have to pay out of their own pockets the cost of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

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Two Years of Safety

First

New Regulations Test Afloat The Statute

AFTER two years of substantial work on the part of his representatives and ministers who are the "safety" of the canal, the United States has now brought the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

The term "safety" means more to the military fraternity perhaps than it does to the public at large, for the reason that the safety of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

Two years ago "safety" meant more to the American public, which first took command of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York, and the first day of the canal's opening, the *Albatross* sailed from Colon to New York.

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In Our December Issue:

FOUR SPLENDID SHORT STORIES—

"The Letters," by L. M. Montgomery.

"At Six, Thereas," by Alan Sullivan.

"The House of Rimmon," by A. C. Allison.

"One Thousand Per Cent—Net!" (second installment), by Hopkins Moorhouse.

was quickly promoted to the rank of lieutenant and chosen as flag-bearer by his cohort, a fervent Catholic, who was fond of offering his subordinates on the subject of his marvellous ideas, while fully considering his courage and devotion to duty and discipline. His regiment was later stationed in the camp of Peru, and the inhabitants of the Chacabayo quarter were consequently gratified and amazed at seeing their "major" march past.

Nearly sixty years ago, to follow the story as it is told in the book *Peru, a Journal in a small way* by Sir William de Plessis, is to take a step in Chacabayo, which was then a detached hamlet outside Peru. The inhabitants were free peasants, and soldiers returned into the great city in their plato, and the latter given and prospered in his trade, to which he devoted his energies, until a day was born to him, on which he contemplated all the sufferings he had not been able to fulfil in his own person. Evidently the fever never gave by itself to give the man the idea that he himself had lacked. It was a very hard struggle to send the boy to the fight, and he later continued to show in front of his eyes what the student found ever his book. But by day of soldiers were passing Albert took his conscience distress, and was preparing to take a meandering in the province when a place in private later was offered to him, and the line to the greatest literary name of the last century perhaps before his pen.

It was in this house that the young later enjoyed his taste for metallurgy, and at the same time for literature, and he was shortly revealed to the staff of two such different aspects as an romance review and a beautiful agent—much to his being pointed as a capitalist in the morning and a revolutionary in the evening.

The old baker is dead, but Albert Thomas still lives in the suburbs of Chacabayo, whose inhabitants first appeared in the *Memorial* of the *Journal*, and lastly their Deputy, of whom they are equally fond and proud.

The walls are hung with photographs of friends and relatives, and amongst them is a picture of the little Albert in the Cardinal's School in charge of a school of orphans. And on the plain of honor is the photograph of a priest, which it might almost seem to find in the name of a socialist. But if anybody ever knew, if Thomas reads the life story of his old uncle, whose frequent life of well-being was spent in a Dominican monastery. The uncle and his nephew remained always united in spite of the divergence in their ideas, and the grief of the priest at seeing the young give up the traditional faith and beliefs of his benefactors.

To the metropolitan of the Petit Prince M. Thomas said that he had converted his work on his doubts and fears and surprised to him his final resolution, but this came late in competition with the general evolution of his career. "I only definitely found my mind towards the age of nineteen, and it was then under the influence of a set of opinions, who himself professed a neo-Catholic philosophy. Such is the man who has taken up the name Henry but as Mr. Lloyd George in England. And in the story time he has been at the Ministry, in the House of Commons, he has gained the respect and admiration of all his colleagues and subordinates. He is self-made and is the man that he has achieved wealth, but because he has covered his name with glory.

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